

Q. Does it not appear from all this, that Protestants teach, in many things, what is opposed to Scripture, and that the Catholic doctrines are much more Scriptural?

A. This is very evident from all we have said, and must be considered indisputable."

A Challenge.

[Extract from W. Lockhart, late B. A. of Oxford.]

I SAY, then that I am a Catholic by the grace of God, because I was led to see that some other authority besides the Bible and the Bible only, was necessary in order to prove many of the very points which all Protestants admit to be essential to Christianity. Protestants deny this, and declare that nothing is necessary to be believed but what can be proved from the Bible and the Bible only—namely, from plain texts of Scripture. The whole question is, therefore, reduced into a nutshell; in proof or disproof of this, lies the proof or disproof of Protestantism. I do, therefore, solemnly challenge the Protestants of Ireland to prove by plain texts of Scripture the questions concerning the obligation of the Christian Sabbath. 1. That Christians may work on Saturday, the old seventh day. 2. That they are bound to keep holy the first day; namely, Sunday. 3. That they are not bound to keep holy the seventh day also.---*Toronto [Catholic] Mirror.*

A WORD

FOR

THE SABBATH;

—OR—

FALSE THEORIES EXPOSED.

BY URIAH SMITH.

PUBLISHED AT THE ADVENT REVIEW OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1855.

THE SABBATH

FOR THE SABBATH.

CHAPTER I.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

SINCE first in Eden, sin an entrance found,
When sad success the Tempter's efforts crowned;
Since first the sunlight saw its hideous birth,
Dark floods of error have swept o'er the earth.
Stern and unceasing has the conflict been,
'Tween light and darkness, 'mong the sons of men;
Many the ways the Prince of death has tried
God's truth to weaken and his name deride;
Many the snares he ne'er has ceased to weave,
Many his doctrines fashioned to deceive,
Many his artful schemes, mankind to win
From ways of holiness to ways of sin;
He then, to crown his fraud, makes them believe,
While drinking error, they the truth receive.
So rooted deep, wide-spread among mankind,
Of creeds discordant, countless hosts we find;
Theories opposed, widely conflicting views,
And men may find whatever they may choose;
But all cannot be truth: all cannot flow
In that straight channel truth alone can show:
All cannot lead men on in light and love,
All cannot guide them to the realms above;
So must we closely search if we would know
Where lies the truth, where poisonous errors grow;
With closest scrutiny each form must scan,
Lest they conceal the Tempter's artful plan.

O sacred Truth! dark was for thee the hour,
 When man first bowed to the Deceiver's power;
 When sin first came, thy gilded page to mar,
 And on thy precepts wage unholy war;
 To pour rank poison in thy purest streams,
 To shut men's vision to thy brightest beams,
 To make apostates of our fallen race,
 And drive thee, slighted, from thy rightful place;
 Yet art thou not cast down; thy lovely form
 Has rode triumphant over every storm;
 Sin has not undermined thy structure, fair,
 Though it has turned mankind from worship there;
 Firm thou hast ever stood, and e'er shalt stand,
 Guarded by Heaven, upheld by God's own hand;
 Still dost thou shed, fair as the morning light,
 Thy holy radiance o'er earth's moral night;
 Still does thy form, majestic, lead the way,
 And point us onward to eternal day;
 Yet still do men, heedless thy beaming rays,
 Grope their blind way thro' error's devious maze.

O, Error! hideous, dark, unholy thing,
 With thousand snaky heads and poisonous sting!
 How hast thou marked, breathing unhallowed breath,
 A thousand crooked ways that lead to death!
 How hast thou trailed thy serpent length along,
 And wound insidious 'mong the heedless throng;
 How hast thou spread o'er earth a moral blight,
 And warred with truth and holiness and right.
 Unsightly monster! hide thy hideous head
 In realms that thou hast peopled with the dead.
 Soon shall thy rule and empire be o'erthrown,
 Thy Father, Satan, shall receive his own.

'Mong all the mighty truths that God has given,
 To fit mankind to share a home in heaven,
 One fair, illustrious stands, and e'er has stood,
 Since God first made the world and called it good;
 One mighty truth and to our purpose quite
 To show how error dims men's mental sight.
 'Tis thus expressed in plainest, simplest terms,

As He in wisdom sacred truth affirm:
 Six days for man's own work, did Heaven accord,
 The seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord.
 The seventh day God sanctified and blest,
 And set apart, for man, a day of rest.
 That day is binding on his creatures still;
 And all must keep it who would do his will.
 Since, then, the mass of all the sons of men
 Observe a day God did not give us then,
 A day of rest—however they may view it—
 We question now the right by which they do it:
 The right by which they boldly set aside
 The only day that God e'er sanctified;
 Then strive to place upon the vacant throne,
 Another day he ne'er has called his own.
 One point, alone, we claim, and justly too,
 Which we contend no one can prove untrue;
 'Tis this: Since God at first the Sabbath made,
 He has not placed another in its stead.
 Though men may search, no record will they find,
 Where he has changed the day to suit mankind;
 No record that he ever took away
 The blessing which he gave the seventh day;
 And surely none in any age or clime,
 Where he has blest aught else as holy time;
 Therefore, we say, according to God's will,
 What was the Sabbath then, is Sabbath still;
 Firm is the pillar set, we cannot move it,
 The world say it is changed, and they must prove it.
 And this to do, and set the thing at rest,
 Many have sought the field and done their best;
 To prove this point, many have sternly fought;
 And most absurd the arguments they've brought.
 But, bad, for the assertions which they make,
 Scarce any two the same position take;
 And so they find, at last, unlucky elves,
 The heft of battle is among themselves.
 Here only they agree: to prove, somehow,
 The seventh day is not the Sabbath now;
 And to this end they arguments employ
 Which do each other totally destroy.

Like some fair monument, with towering form,
 The Sabbath stands, unmoved amid the storm;
 While round it fierce the noisy rabble crowd,
 With tumult wild, and imprecations, loud;
 Their missiles at it hurl with venom'd spite,
 To mar its beauty and obscure its light;
 And more confusion, is their proper label,
 Than ever rose around the tower of Babel.
 'Mid all this jargon of conflicting powers,
 'Mid all the darkness which around them lowers,
 One shining lamp we have our feet to guide,
 One rule, alone, by which we can abide;
 One only standard, God's unerring Word,
 To show how human creeds with truth accord.
 This is the cleaver, keen, which, without ruth,
 Will trim all theories till they fit the truth.
 With this alone we hence propose to test
 These various views, and see on what they rest;
 To mark how with God's Word they will compare,
 And whether truth or error lingers there.
 Hence if the First-day theory, which would make
 Sunday the place of God's true Sabbath take,
 Baseless, decayed and rotten shall be found,
 Then straightway we shall hew it to the ground.
 If the no-Sabbath views, which some pretend
 Are views correct and no one can amend,
 Shall prove but empty chaff and brittle hay,
 One breath of truth shall blow them all away.
 In short, if all the views that e'er arose,
 God's holy Sabbath sternly to oppose,
 Shall all be found, though fair outsides they wear,
 To be mere puff-balls filled with empty air,
 Or morsels which the Foe of truth has fixed
 With error and corruption duly mixed,
 All sugared o'er with nicest care refined
 To suit the vicious palate of mankind,
 From this fixed purpose 'tis not ours to swerve,
 To treat them plainly as they best deserve.
 It is not ours, who battle for the right,
 To cringe when old Tradition heaves in sight,
 Nor from truth's bold position basely shrink,

Because with us all people do not think.
 This be our aim, whoe'er the question moots,
 To pluck up error by its lowest roots;
 From its strong snare some wandering feet to save,
 And dig Tradition's everlasting grave.

CHAPTER II.

THE SABBATH INSTITUTED AT CREATION.

WHEN first the rapid march of Time began,
 And God achieved his ever wondrous plan,
 When heaven and earth the royal summons heard,
 And came, obedient, at the Almighty's Word,
 Sky, land and sea, and forms of beauty there
 Raised their glad anthems on the silent air;
 The morning stars did songs of praise employ,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy;
 When planets, glimmering on the brow of Night,
 The orb of day, with his refulgent light,
 And rolling earth, each taught their varied bounds,
 Commenced, majestic, their eternal rounds—
 Six days alone this glorious work employed;
 God on the seventh a sacred rest enjoyed:
 Then, since thereon he had enjoyed a rest,
 He sanctified it, set apart, and blest.

Here was the holy Sabbath first made known,
 Firm as the pillars of Jehovah's throne.
 With the fair earth it left its Maker's hand,
 Hence, with the earth, 'twill coexistent stand.
 If any think that they can prove as fact,

The Sabbath was not fashioned by this act,
 All who are so disposed may freely try it;
 For there's the record and they can't deny it.

And when to earth heaven's Royal Monarch came,
 His car the clouds, his steeds devouring flame,
 When Sinai's towering mount obsequious bowed,
 And swelling trumpet answered thunders loud,
 When thus the King of kings his footstool prest,
 And trembling earth proclaimed her mighty guest,
 'Mid all these heralds of almighty power,
 'Mid all the grandeur of that awful hour,
 God spake his just, eternal law to man;
 And thus, in plainest truth, this precept ran:
 The Sabbath-day remember: then shall close
 The days of weekly toil, for calm repose.
 For earthly labor, stern, six days are thine,
 The seventh is God's holy day divine;
 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth,
 And gave all beings and all creatures birth,
 And on the seventh enjoyed a sacred rest;
 Wherefore the Sabbath-day Jehovah blest.
 Thus was the Sabbath-precept given then
 As something which had long familiar been;
 Not as a fabrication, new and rare,
 For that occasion made and people there;
 And God's own finger points us to its birth:
 When he from out the void made heaven and earth.
 Since, then, the sacred institution stands;
 Old as the world and broad as all its lands,
 Since made when Time's great circuit first begun,
 'Twill last, of course, as long as Time shall run.
 Since made for him, the father of mankind,
 For all his offspring 'twas of course designed.
 Absurd to think such institution given,
 Link most divine connecting earth with heaven,
 A sacred chain, joining, in due degree,
 Man with his God, time with eternity;
 Given for the good of all who dwell below,
 Designed o'er all its blessings to bestow—
 Absurd to think that it was destined, then,

For but a portion of the race of men;
 Or to be pinioned by the bounds of space,
 Or revered only by a single race!
 Say, you who claim, and speak as tho' you knew,
 That it was given only for the Jew,
 Were our first parents Jews? If so, then how
 Are not all earth's great nations Jewish now?
 Or if long years successive rolled away,
 Ere among men divisions held their sway,
 And ere that class arose, who were to know
 What blessings from the holy Sabbath flow,
 For whom alone it was designed you say—
 Why made so long before 'twas needed, pray?

Narrow and groveling must that theory prove,
 Which thus would limit God's eternal love;
 Which thus would dictate man's omniscient Friend,
 And say how far his blessings shall extend.
 But narrower-minded still are those who say,
 That God should e'er his Sabbath take away;
 That he, what first unbounded wisdom planned,
 A blessing for mankind in every land,
 What he to herald, did such pomp employ—
 Should finally repent of and destroy.
 Those who, with such plain facts before their eyes,
 Still view this noon-day question on this wise,
 To make their crooked views and theories go,
 And talk consistently, must reason so:
 That though Jehovah thought at first 'twas best,
 That all mankind should have a day of rest,
 Yet, notwithstanding, soon he wiser grew!
 And thought for all mankind it would not do!
 So he confined it to a single place,
 And charged it only on a single race;
 And then, at last, he planned the thing about,
 So that eventually it should run out!
 Just as in scenes of earth, we oft behold
 Some giant of the forest, tall and old,
 Which man a cumberance deems, towering on high,
 Girdled about and left alone to die;

'Mid dews and frosts of night and storms of day,
To crumble slowly into sure decay.

Such, some would have us think, Jehovah's plan,
To treat the Sabbath, made at first for man;
Confined at length with ceremonial dross,
Forever doomed to perish at the cross!
But know, O man! such theories false to teach,
Is God's eternal wisdom to impeach!
Know that he does not act from varying cause,
Nor govern man with fluctuating laws.
He changes not, nor fickle are his ways,
His words are certain; hear then what he says:
"I will not alter what my lips e'er spake,
And lo, my covenant I will not break."
Through his vast plans he does not ignorant move,
And then amend them if they faulty prove;
Hence, he'll not disregard nor set aside,
What once he made and blest and sanctified.
'Tis not for man, frail brother of the clod,
To charge such folly on Almighty God.

But yet again, hear what some classes say,
To shun God's law; and shirk the Sabbath-day.
They claim, that he did not intend that we,
In keeping one set day, so strict should be;
But when he said, the seventh day is mine,
He only meant a seventh part of time:
That we should keep a seventh part as his,
No matter where it comes or when it is.
Such is this theory; fairly stated too;
But by what logic do they prove it true?
Loose reins it gives, at once, for men to use
Their freedom, and observe what day they choose;
Hence one the first, and one the fifth, may say,
Or second, third or fourth, is Sabbath-day;
And yet they all will equally be true,
If any seventh part of time will do.
Thus would all order be to ruin hurled,
And one great Babel triumph o'er the world!

Take one example, ye who hold this view,
To test your theory, whether false or true;
One illustration, fair, adapted well
T' explain this question, and its import tell:
Seven fair and beauteous candlesticks behold:
Six are of silver, but the seventh of gold.
The question now is asked, if any know
Which is the golden one in all that row.
Thus represented fair, it seems to me,
No one could doubt what his own eyes could see;
And any man of common sense, would say,
The seventh is the one without delay.
But by your rule, this answer would not hold,
You would exclaim, a *seventh part* is gold;
'Tis *no one in particular* so fair!
Only a *seventh part* of all that's there!
Just so absurd, indeed, it is to say,
That God has no specific Sabbath-day:
That any day, for rest, a man may claim,
And answer God's requirements all the same.
Thus you assert, as plainly may be seen,
That God has uttered what he did not mean!

But, first, the ground-work all is laid amiss,
Which this view presupposes; which is this:
That man, by resting, makes it holy time;
And well with such a theory does it chime;
Then on whatever day a man may rest,
That day to him is sanctified and blest.
Learn, then, this simple truth, without delay:
God's act of resting did not bless the day,
Or make it holy time: first he did cease
From all his labor for a day of peace;
Then for that he *had rested*, on its brow
He placed the blessing which illumines it now.
Then think'st thou, man, by any act of thine,
To make thy rest-day holy or divine?
Canst thou a blessing grant? or hast thou power
To render sacred e'en a single hour?
And will thy theories, built of brittle straw,
Meet the demands of God's eternal law?

He who on earth below, in heaven above,
 Made and upholds and governs all in love,
 He who alone hath power, above, below,
 All life to give, all blessings to bestow,
 Eternal Lord, creation's mighty King,
 To whom all people should their tribute bring,
 He on the seventh, and on the seventh alone,
 Has placed his blessing—sanctified his own:
 When thou canst speak, and countless worlds shall rise,
 And fairest prospect spread before thine eyes,
 When thou canst bid the rolling earth be still,
 Or worlds move on obedient at thy will,
 When thou canst hold creation in thy hand,
 And guide the universe with thy command;
 Mighty as God's, when thou thine arm canst make,
 When earth, thy voice shall like his thunders shake,
 Then, only, mayest thou think, presumptuous man!
 To make improvements on Jehovah's plan!

CHAPTER III.

THE SABBATH A MEMORIAL.

THAT man, on earth and fading things below,
 Might not his firm affections all bestow,
 That he might not, buried in worldly care,
 Forget who made the earth and sea and air,
 But calm his soul with holy thoughts of heaven,
 The Rest-day of the Lord was kindly given:
 A blest memorial which to mind should bring
 Creation's birth-day and creation's King.

Here error, busy with her countless arts,
 To weave her webs and hurl her poisonous darts,
 Ceaselessly striving with her sorcerer's rod
 To mar the beauty of the truth of God;
 To make mankind through some false medium see,
 Till all their vision shall perverted be,
 Zealously strives, with energy not slack,
 To switch men off on a fallacious track.
 This is her plea: though false and most absurd,
 'Tis yet entitled to a passing word:

When Israel's sons were slaves in Egypt's land,
 Close-fettered in oppression's iron band,
 Their God deliverance bro't, and freed from harm,
 With mighty hand and with a stretched-out arm;
 Therefore 'tis claimed, the Sabbath was designed,
 Their great deliverance then to keep in mind:
 A Jewish rite, memorial of the day
 When they from cruel bondage fled away.

Now, then, shall reason and the Word declare,
 How far with truth this theory will compare.
 That they might ever cherish, fresh in thought,
 The glad deliverance which for them was wrought,
 And him who thus stretched forth his hand to save,
 Two fit memorials Jehovah gave;
 For oft as they the Passover observed,
 So oft in strong remembrance they preserved,
 When God thro' judgment bro't deliverance nigh,
 And Egypt's first-born sons were doomed to die,
 How the destroying angel, dark with wrath,
 Passed o'er their dwellings on his fearful path.
 And oft as they the Unleavened Feast prepared,
 So oft, with this memorial, they declared
 How the Egyptians, fearful of their stay,
 With hastening hand then hurried them away.
 And when at length their sons should wish to know
 What means this service? what designed to show?
 This was their answer: For with mighty hand
 Jehovah brought us up from Egypt's land.*

Thus were two fitting, plain memorials given,
 So to remind them of this work of Heaven.

*Ex. xii; xiii.

But such desires in some poor minds bear sway,
 To get Jehovah's Sabbath out the way,
 That they attempt, in furious strength to seize,
 And crowd it in, and make it go with these!
 Not satisfied with what God gives to man,
 They must push in another if they can.
 At once we see 'tis but an artful quirk,
 And there's no fitness in such silly work.
 A *weekly rest*, to keep in memory, clear,
 A day that could come round but *once a year*!
 Just as if we to celebrate should try,
 Full once a week the fourth of our July!
 But most in this propriety they crush,
 They have a *rest memorial of a rush*!!†

'Twas meet that God, when he had bared his arm,
 To heal their suffering, and release from harm
 And brought them from beneath the oppressor's rod,
 Where they *could* freely serve and worship God,
 Should charge to whom they homage then should pay,
 And so remind them of the Sabbath-day.

And some there are who take no ground like this,
 But still take theories equally amiss.
 Thus they contend: Since First-day was the day,
 When from Death's bands our Saviour broke away,
 Since then redemption's plan was made complete,
 That is the day, henceforth, that we must keep:
 Should keep, to bear in mind, in deed and word,
 The resurrection of our blessed Lord.
 First, then, in all sincerity we seek
 How you support the first day of the week,
 And in all candor ask, Where do you find
 Authority for changes of this kind?
 Where, keep the Sabbath, does the Bible say,
 To bear in mind the resurrection day?
 Are not memorials already given,
 Ordained, appointed and designed of Heaven?
 For when we lay our bodies 'neath the wave,
 Do we not emblem Jesus in the grave?
 That as he from the dead arose, so we

†Ex xii, 33.

Should rise, in newer life henceforth to be?
 And oft as we, said Christ, the bread should break,
 And in his memory should the cup partake,
 So oft should we show forth, with symbols clear,
 The death of Jesus till he should appear.

Are not these then sufficient? must we bring
 A third memorial so unlike the thing?
 And no way fitted to recall to mind
 The scenes for whose remembrance 'twas designed?
 If God proposed the Sabbath-day to change,
 It seems to me 'tis something very strange,
 That he no record gave to set it right,
 But left mankind to guess it as they might;
 For in God's Word, though men don't seem to mind it,
 There's no such record, and they cannot find it.

'Twas naught, at first, but God's almighty power,
 That placed the blessing on the Sabbath hour;
 Naught but his mandate that enforced its claim,
 On all men equal, and on all the same.
 Know then that his almighty power, alone,
 Can change that day he once declared his own.
 No less than his command, express and plain,
 Must you produce, to prove your theory sane.
 On human creeds then dare you longer rest,
 Slighting the only day that God has blest?
 On human theories dare you trust your all?
 Remember, by God's law we stand or fall.

The Sabbath a memorial we admit,
 But not of actions which it will not fit.
 To try and make it signalize events,
 To whose resemblance it has no pretense,
 To use it where no meaning it conveys,
 Stretched and distorted in a thousand ways,
 Shocks every law Propriety e'er gave,
 And finds for Fitness an untimely grave.
 Rightly applied, harmonious and fair,
 The Sabbath stands, and there is beauty there.
 Grant it the place for which it was designed,
 And it has lessons for each honest mind;
 For thus our actions speak, while we protest,

After six days of toil, a day of rest,
In stronger terms than language e'er unfurled—
Jehovah rested when he made the world.
Plainly he's shown what day that day shall be:
He rested on the seventh; and so must we.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SABBATH NOT ABOLISHED.

TRULY may it be said, when we perceive
The many theories which the world believe,
Theories upreared against the Sabbath, bold,
Their name is legion, their effects untold.
One point there is, most prominently known,
Around which has the Arch-Deceiver thrown
His varied snares, and spread his artful schemes,
To lull mankind into deceptive dreams.
Where thus to plant his power, he's not at loss,
But takes his station at the Saviour's cross. [height,
Thus, then, 'tis claimed: that Christ on Calvary's
Annulled God's royal law, the rule of right.
Others, who still would claim a law for men,
Say that the Sabbath, only, perished then.
Some say that all the ten commands were dead,
But nine were re-enacted in their stead;
And so it happened as it came about,
That, lo, the Sabbath precept was left out.

Thus on one point we find such theories queer,
Behold a perfect Babel, even here!
Some may be honest while they thus contend,
And think 'tis truth they're trying to defend;

But they may find, when to the crisis brought,
'Tis harder work to prove them, than they thought.

First, if God's law is wholly done away,
Where is your rule of moral action? say!
May'st thou now murder, lie and swear and steal,
And yet no sin commit, nor guilty feel?
None will assert it. What then shall we do.
To say there is no law would be untrue.
If then there is a law, which none can doubt—
Why, there's the Sabbath, which must be got out!

By stubborn facts, they thus are driven to say,
That Christ renewed all but the Sabbath-day.
When did he do it? O, say you, secure,
Why, in his public ministry, be sure!
But here's a slight objection, friend; just hark:
I'll show you where you've overshot the mark!
If at the cross, God's law first ceased to be,
'Twas good up to that time, you will agree;
But nine were re-enacted, here you say,
Before the ten were ever done away!!

One favored race, had *nineteen* precepts then,
They must, indeed, have been most moral men!
The folly of this view, all can but see;
And those who hold it still, must stubborn be:
A school-boy, blind as that, we should expect,
Would be sent home for want of intellect.
Driven then from this absurd position, next,
To save themselves, they fabricate this text:
That when the ten commands were done away,
The nine were given again without delay.
In this, another bright idea they broach,
Worthy of ridicule, and all reproach:
To think that the same blow crushed which the ten;
Should instantly bring nine to life again.
One illustration take, to show, most clear,
How learned Theology has reasoned here:
Suppose you have a finger, bruised and sore,
Which must come off: you cannot bear it more.
The surgeon comes, obedient to your call,
And chops off all your fingers, thumbs and all,
Then undertakes to join the others on,

Well pleased to think the sore one now has gone.
If any one an act like this should try,
You'd say he was a fool, and so should I.
Equally bad, your view, that God did then,
To get out *one* command, strike out the *ten*.

Compelled again to leave their luckless ground,
One theory more necessity has found;
One more foundation for their feet opprest—
And lo, this is as bad as all the rest.
As fierce as drowning men catch at a straw,
So they sieze everything by which the law
Can be opposed; or which will aid their view,
That part is done away, and part holds true.
They now assert, The apostles this have done,
They've re-enacted all the ten but one;
The Sabbath precept, only, could not stay,
As that the Lord designed to do away.

One question now we ask: If this be true,
How long before God's law was given anew?
How long before the *revised edition* came,
That men might know their duty, and their blame?
How long might men live on all law forgot,
Doing unholy deeds, yet sinning not!
Ah, here's the point, that, with unyielding claims,
Binds down this theory in eternal chains.
You will not claim, a moment e'er was found,
When men were not to moral duty bound.
If such suggestions any should throw out,
'Twould bring their sanity to serious doubt.

This theory, then, though vaunted ne'er so bold,
We find fallacious; for it will not hold.
Would God his holy law, abolish, then,
And leave the matter in the hands of men?
Leave them to say what parts henceforth shall stand
And let the world receive it at their hand?
There's one law-giver, say the scriptures, true;
But there are twelve! according to this view.

O why not take the word that God has given,
When he declared that sooner earth and heaven
Should pass away, than darkness should prevail,

*Jas. iv, 12.

And e'en a tittle of the law should fail?
Why not believe the word that Christ employed,
That he came not to render null and void
The law or prophets? that was not his aim,
Not to destroy, but to fulfill, he came.
Why strive t' amend, as though it were impaired,
The law the Psalmist, perfect, has declared?
Shall man attempt, with blind and bungling move,
What is already perfect, to improve?
Better 'twould be, ye fighters of the law,
If your own weakness, verily, ye saw;
If ye would hear the teachings of God's Word,
And live obedient to all ye heard.
Better 'twould be t' obey God's holy will,
And own the Sabbath precept binding still,
Before ye make, in all ye do and say,
Such wretched work to have it done away.

One law there was, we're ready to declare,
Which came up to the cross and perished there.
A ceremonial law, and which, we find,
Was for that dispensation sole designed.
Law of commands, in ordinances contained,
Shadows of things to come it was ordained.
Christ is the body, whither all did tend;
And when the substance comes, the shadows end.
A law it was made only for that land,
And written in a book, by Moses' hand.
This law, no longer needed from that day,
Was nailed unto the cross, and done away;
Hence, the partition-wall was broken through,
That kept distinct, the Gentile and the Jew.
Hence all in Christ have now an equal claim,
And henceforth, Jew and Gentile are the same.
If we are Christ's then are we Abraham's seed,
According to the promise, heirs indeed.
Therefore let none by this dead law abide,
Or henceforth take its precepts for their guide.
Let no man judge you by its ritual maze,
Its new-moons or its feasts, or sabbath-days:
These were but shadows; these but bondage bring:

†Matt. v, 17. †Ps. xix, 7.

The law of God, is quite another thing.
 Between them, there is given distinction broad,
 In all the teachings of the Word of God.
 The royal law, the law of ten commands,
 On its eternal basis firmly stands;
 Stands as it ever stood, pre-eminent,
 The constitution of God's government.
 'Tis holy just and good: if we fulfill
 This law of liberty, we do his will.
 The ceremonial law, in works contained,
 For types and shadows was express ordained.
 In the old dispensation was its place:
 If we observe it now, we fall from grace.
 All unintended for the gospel reign,
 It came up to the cross, and there was slain.
 Those who between them no distinction find,
 Must be indeed most pitifully blind;
 Who claim that one law only was employed,
 And therefore, at the cross, was all destroyed.
 All who, these separate laws, thus blend together,
 Can't make their arguments outweigh a feather.
 But why are men unwilling to admit,
 That God's unaltered law is binding yet;
 That neither all, nor yet a part is slain,
 But unimpaired its precepts all remain?
 'Tis simply this: the fourth command doth say,
 The Sabbath comes upon the seventh day;
 And so around the law they try to creep,
 To shun the day God tells us we must keep.

O Fourth Command! what trouble hast thou been
 Source of vexation to the sons of men!
 How have they tugged and toiled, with various plans,
 To break thy power, and shirk thy just demands!
 Have chafed and fretted to secure their aim,
 And render null and void thy obvious claim!
 Vast circuits they through logic's fields have run,
 And found themselves at last where they begun!
 Have loud proclaimed thy day of rule was o'er,
 And that thy law was binding now no more!
 Then brought forth reasons for their theories wise,
 Which fools might laugh at, maniacs despise!

Still stern are thy demands, thy claims still good.
 Though men would fain avoid them, if they could.
 All who regard them not, must soon confess,
 And reap the harvest of their sinfulness.
 Firm and immutable as Heaven's decree
 Thou e'er hast stood, and thou shalt ever be.
 Among those holy laws, thy place is known,
 Which God's own finger graved upon the stone,
 Still thy requirements hold, that we must rest
 Upon the seventh day, which God has blest,
 His fixed decrees he ne'er will disarrange;
 For God can never lie, and never change.

CHAPTER V.

APOSTOLIC EXAMPLE.

ONE class there is, wide spread throughout the land,
 Who claim no need that any plain command,
 Explicit and direct, should e'er be given,
 That we should keep the first day of the seven.
 On other ground their theories they rest,
 Ground which they fondly think will stand the test.
 'Tis claimed that Christ, who for our sin has died,
 In all things our example and our guide,
 The perfect pattern of the Church below,
 Who trod the way he wished his saints to go,
 By his example, plainly took away
 The obligation of the seventh day.
 Then further down the stream of time we're brought,
 And told that the apostles plainly taught,
 Taught by their actions, which the loudest speak,

That we must keep the first day of the week;
 That they observed it as the day of rest,
 And they, of course, did only what was best.
 And oft, upon that day, they met, 'tis said,
 For public worship, and for breaking bread;
 And thus most clearly showed, as all may see,
 What day the Christian Sabbath hence should be.

Christ, as our perfect pattern, we will own,
 Teacher and guide, in all that he has done.
 We will acknowledge that th' apostles knew,
 And showed by practice, what was right to do.
 And actions loudest speak;—all this we admit,
 But on our side we claim the advantage yet;
 For that our Lord, in any shape or way,
 Relaxed the law that guards the Sabbath-day,
 That so his followers ever understood,
 Which, if it was the case, they surely would,
 Or that the apostles owned, or e'er confessed,
 The first day of the week, a day of rest—
 These, though asserted with assurance high,
 Plainly and fearlessly, we do deny.
 To save all long debate and words about it,
 With those who still may feel disposed to doubt it,
 We will submit to facts: they shall decide:
 By their decision we will then abide.

All will admit this fact: that to the cross,
 The ten commands were full in binding force;
 The fourth, with all, bore undisputed sway,
 And held mankind in duty to obey.
 If Christ then disregarded these commands,
 Or only that on which the Sabbath stands, [yet;
 Then he transgressed God's law; which bound men
 Then he committed sin! all must admit;
 For herein, says the Apostle, sin is shown,
 When we transgress the law to us made known.
 Those, then, who claim that Christ the Sabbath broke
 Make him a sinner! as the Word hath spoke.
 Ye, in whose breasts such views, blasphemous, start,
 Give them no lodging-place within your heart!
 But on the day that Christ rose from the dead,

His followers were assembled; and 'tis said,
 They met to celebrate the day when so,
 Our Saviour triumphed over man's last foe;
 So that must be the day henceforth to stand,
 The Christian Sabbath in each Christian land.
 Pitiful reasoning! if each word were true,
 And e'en the resurrection were in view,
 To what would it amount? why, nothing more
 Than a mere inference, and at that most poor!
 Would those who reason thus, some foresight take,
 Such false assertions they might cease to make;
 For they would find the saints assembled there,
 Being fearful of the Jews—their rage to dare—
 And not, the resurrection day to keep;
 For they believed their Lord was yet asleep!
 For ever, then, this point is at an end;
 On this 'tis folly longer to contend.
 But still, that Jesus sanctioned it, they say;
 By meeting his disciples on that day.
 If such an act, then, will suffice to make
 A Sabbath-day, one instance more we'll take;
 'Tis where he met them, as it chanced to be
 While *fishing* in the sea of Galilee.
 Then, by this rule, apply it either way,
 It makes the Sabbath but a fishing-day.

So much for this; but hear them yet again,
 Their darling theory striving to maintain,
 Claim that the apostles in all they did and said,
 And by their frequent acts of breaking bread,
 Gave to the Christian world abundant ground
 On which their First-day theory they should found.
 Does breaking bread a Sabbath make? if so,
 Then every day's a Sabbath; as we know,
 Because a certain space, as may be read,
 The apostles *daily* practiced breaking bread.†
 But with the teachings of the sacred Word,
 Do such unfounded theories accord?
 May there we learn that such a simple act
 Would make a Sabbath? There is no such fact.
 Does it assert, if, on a certain day,

*John xx, 19. †Mark xvi, 14. ‡Acts ii, 46.

The saints, perchance, were met to sing and pray,
 That we that day henceforth should understand
 Usurped the Sabbath of the fourth command?
 That that day then should take a higher place
 Than that which God first hallowed for our race?
 On which his blessing he did first dispense,
 And placed the seal of his omnipotence?
 There's no such teaching! so it is most true,
 That mere assertion, then, supports this view.
 It is a theory of men's invention:
 In words of Holy Writ it has no mention.
 But other facts there are, pointed and stern,
 And which some classes would do well to learn:
 The Lord himself affirmed that he obeyed
 All the commandments which his Father made.
 And as the apostles' *custom* was, they say,
 We find them preaching on the Sabbath-day,
 And nowhere in God's Word, (we safely speak,)
 Is Sabbath used for first day of the week.
 'Tis true a term of "Lord's day" once is used,
 And 'tis a term most grossly, too, abused,
 For First-day sticklers, as may oft be seen,
 Claim that 'tis Sunday that of course must mean.
 We think not so; for God did never own,
 A day as his, except the seventh alone.
 We will acknowledge, then, that day the Lord's,
 Which with his own demands thus well accords.
 Nor can we think, whatever pains men take
 They will oblige him by the change they make.
 'Tis true there's been a change; the world now say,
 That Sunday is the Christian Sabbath-day.
 And so they practice; but by whom, and how,
 Was this change made, which men acknowledge now?
 God did not do it, nor his Son from heaven;
 Nor was this work unto the apostles given;
 For their example, and their teaching, too,
 Show this was not the work they came to do.
 But there was one, whom, in the unfolding plan,
 Which the Arch-Fiend had plotted against man,
 Time in his onward flight would soon reveal,
 O'er God exalted, and his holy will.

Perdition's son! child of iniquity,
 The man of sin, the wicked Papacy!*
 Ay, he it was, who was to magnify
 Himself against the power of God, most high.
 And think his laws to change, his fixed decrees,
 Usurp his power, and rule as he might please.
 As prophets had foretold, so, plainly, he
 Has done his daring work of blasphemy.
 'Tis he, has raised a sacrilegious hand
 Against the Sabbath of the fourth command;
 Has robbed it of its glory and its grace,
 And reared the Pagan Sunday in its place.
 Ye Sunday followers, then, if ye would know
 Where you for your authority must go,
 You have no need to wander far from home,
 For you receive it from the Pope of Rome.
 And also ye, who claim that Christ now stands,
 The giver of the law for Christian lands,
 Who is your advocate? Ah, here's your hope,
 You have an advocate with Christ—the Pope!!
 All ye who then so zealously confide
 In apostolic practice, for your guide,
 Know that so long as Sunday creeds you own,
 You follow Papacy! and that alone!
 If 'tis, indeed, your honest, firm intent,
 To tread the way the first apostles went,
 Do as they did; heed not the creeds of men,
 But keep the Sabbath as they kept it then.

*Dan. vii, 25; 2 Thess. ii, 3

CHAPTER VI.

VAIN PHILOSOPHY.

It is a fact, and not to be concealed,
Which First-day leaders have themselves revealed,
That 'tis no point with them what ground they take,
Provided they can some objection make
Against the seventh; to prove that that's not right,
Is what they labor for with all their might.
To gain this end, so zealous do they grow,
Bend all their mind, and all their thoughts bestow,
That they o'erlook this fact, most plain to see,
That all their shifts and turns will not agree;
But on they rush nor heed their reckless pace,
Till contradiction stares them in the face.

Full many strenuous advocates we see
Of Sunday-keeping, strict as well may be;
But while so strict lest First-day they shall break,
Hear what objection to the seventh they make.
They claim that time, with varied scenes of change,
Has served men's reckoning all to disarrange;
Hence none can tell which day the seventh day stood;
Therefore we cannot keep it if we would.
But you pretend to keep the true first day,
Do you know when that comes? O, yes, you say,
The day when Christ arose, has well been known;
E'er since that time, as plainly can be shown;
'Tis then a little strange, as seems to me;
Since on the first day, people all agree,
Since all are certain when that day comes round,
No one can tell us where the seventh is found!

But, says another, ere he count the cost
Of his assertion, there's a day been lost,
Hence what men First-day now are pleased to call,
Is really the true seventh, after all.
A day been lost! and yet men all agree!

I marvel greatly how the thing can be.
Suppose one town alone, should chance to make,
And all agree, in such a gross mistake.
Abroad like lightning would the news be hurled,
And soon 'twould be the wonder of the world.
To think, then, all on earth, for so they view it,
All lost a day and no one ever knew it,
Is far beyond conception;—in a word,
This theory is preposterously absurd.
Doubtless all were asleep when this took place!
Perhaps in some mesmeric, strong embrace!
But we would say, as being nearer true,
Those, rather, are asleep, who hold this view.

Again, says one, the Sabbath ne'er has been
Permitted to be changed by laws of men.
In all they've done, in all their various ways,
They've only changed the reckoning of the days.

In answer, you'll admit, ere this, the Jew,
Which the true seventh day was, full certain knew.
And they have, strictly, from that very time,
Scattered through all the world, in every clime,
Preserved their reckoning; and in harmony
With others and themselves, they all agree.
If then there's been this change, in ages gone,
The Jews, the wide world o'er, have reckoned wrong.
This most as bad would be as 'tis to say
That all the world have blindly lost a day.

And there are those, not seldom to be found,
Who sagely tell us that the world is round!
And therefore as time differs east and west,
All cannot keep, at once, a day of rest.
We know the world is round, as they declare,
"And like a ball seems swinging in the air."
And, doubtless, God knew well his wondrous plan,
Before he made the Sabbath-day for man.
To urge, then, this objection, surely must
Make God imperfect, and his law unjust.
But if this really an objection be,
Those who have urged it most, forgot to see,
That all the force against the seventh it had,
Came against First-day equally as bad.

Suppose some sovereign, to whom were due
Honor and reverence, should journey through
His loyal realm, and it was told the throng,
To do him reverence as he passed along.
Should then his distant subjects rise and say
That to their Prince they could no reverence pay,
Because it would not the same moment be,
With those who first his majesty would see,
Would such a reasonless excuse evince
Love and obedience to their sovereign prince?
Theirs it would be to quell so false a claim,
And pay their loyal tribute when he came.

So with the Sabbath, in Jehovah's plan,
Designed for all the world, and made for man:
God has appointed, if we so may say,
The world's great time-piece, made to rule the day;
That brings to all, where'er their place is found,
The seventh day, in every weekly round.
Then be it ours, with humble hearts and tongues,
To do the Sabbath reverence when it comes;
Nor strive from vain philosophy to draw
Insults to God, and his majestic law.

Thus having noticed various objections,
We shall be suffered now a few reflections,

Those who are rambling off to Nature's laws,
Striving to gather from effect and cause,
Some reasons, as they fondly trust, which may
Stand as objections to the seventh day,
Show, by their course, undoubted proof and true,
That they've no Bible to support their view;
And being over-anxious to succeed,
They run full tilt against their Sunday creed.
Blindly contending, till at last 'tis found,
They've torn their own loved theories to the ground.
As oft I've seen some angry urchins rise,
With deep vexation working in their eyes,
And aim so spiteful at a dodging foe
That they themselves upset and overthrow.

Should these objections, then, as some contend,
Be urged to prove the Sabbath at an end,

Before such arguments as these are heard,
That point must first be settled by the Word:
Settled in face of proof on every hand, [stand.
Though heaven and earth should pass, God's law would

It is a serious fact, when men are driven
From Bible ground, the only standard given,
That then, whatever arguments they find,
Drawn from whatever source, whate'er their kind,
Provided, for their side they seem to tell,
To all appearance, suit them just as well.
'Tis hard for men, whatever their position,
To break the cords of long-observed tradition;
And error, cherished long, e'en when confessed,
With deep reluctance leaves the human breast.
Yet strange that men, in view of proof so plain,
Precept on precept, line on line again,
Through error's devious maze should grope their way,
And trample still upon the Sabbath-day.
Strange that on truth so mighty, and defined
Of all-absorbing interest to mankind,
Eternal with the precepts God has given,
Through love of which we gain a right to heaven,
Which, above all that sheds its light abroad,
Holds man in close connection with his God;—
Strange that on this they careless should be found,
And on such flimsy proof their theories ground;
Or listen to Tradition's siren song,
And scarcely ponder whether right or wrong;
Should rest, untroubled, their eternal all,
On men-made theories, which must surely fall.
And stranger still, that they, presumptuous, then,
Should, with these doctrines and commands of men,
With baseless reasonings, and all senseless things,
Fight the stern precepts of the King of kings!
Did men but know it, in their reckless strife,
They're laboring hard to lose eternal life.
Said God's beloved Son, would we secure
Eternal life, keep the commandments pure.
And he, the Wise Man, says, in truth and beauty,
"Fear God and keep his law, is man's whole duty."
Let error's advocates, henceforth, be dumb;
For here's their condemnation—light has come.)

Light which reveals the devious course they're in,
 And now have they no cloak for further sin.
 Too many causes, trivial though they be,
 Keep men from acting on what light they see.
 Too many, anxious honor to sustain,
 Will shun the truth to save their worldly gain.
 The mote of earthly interest fills their eye,
 And hides from view the worlds of bliss on high.
 And ah, too many, when before their eyes
 The narrow way and cross begin to rise,
 Though ample views of truth they once have got,
 Will shut their eyes, and say they see it not.
 Those, only, who are bold to bear the cross,
 To count earth's honor and its pleasure, dross;
 Who to its lying songs will give no ear,
 Nor bow a paltry slave, to worldly fear;
 Who bravely stand, and battle for the right,
 'Mid all the darkness of earth's moral night,
 Nor shrink to strike, with an unsparing hand,
 Against the sins of a degenerate land;
 Servants of God Most High, to him alone
 Pay their due homage, and allegiance own;
 Alone obedient to his righteous laws,
 And zealous, only in his glorious cause;—
 They will receive the welcome from their Lord,
 They, reap the harvest of a rich reward.
 To those who, through obedience, seek for heaven,
 This is the promise Christ himself hath given:
 "Blessed are they who his commandments do;*"
 For they the pearly gates shall enter through;
 They shall the city in its glory see,
 They shall have right to Life's unfading tree."
 Palm-wreaths of victory shall the conqueror's hold,
 And star-gemm'd crowns and harps of glitt'ring gold.
 There in that world of fadeless glory, bright,
 With angel bands, arrayed in silvery white,
 Sabbath succeeding Sabbath, years unknown,
 Shall God behold them worship at his throne.
 Harps of eternity shall swell the lay,
 Of endless life in never-ending day.

*Rev. xxii, 14. †Isa. lxvi, 23.

